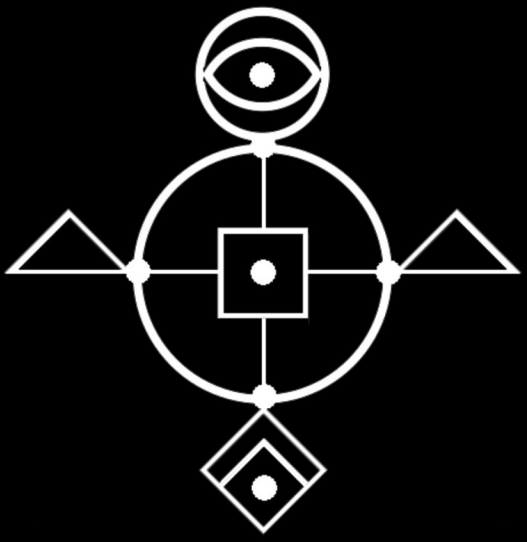
Magnum Opus



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Magnum Opus
by
M. J. Wilkes

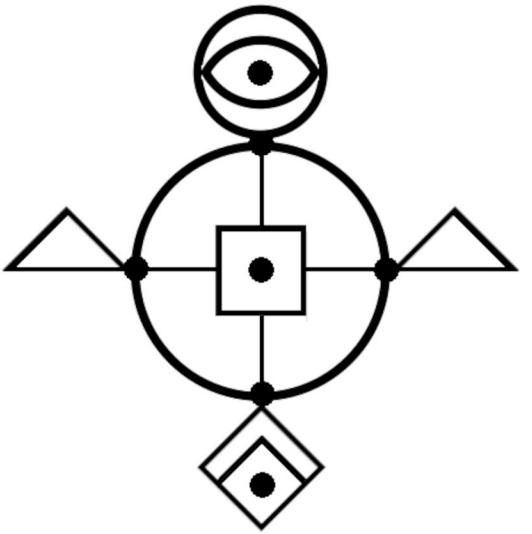
Contents:

Three books about finding and joining with my Higher Spirit thus exalting my ego and then destroying my Ego to become One with my Soul.

Book 1: Seeing Through The Illuminated Umbra
A Personal Quest For The Elusive Holy Grail

Book 2: A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra
An Epistle on a Journey to the True Summun Bonum

Book 3: A Timeless Battle Between Heaven and Hell
A simple monk's way to live



Seeing Through The Illuminated Umbra

A Personal Quest
For The Elusive Holy Grail

M.J. Wilkes

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

(umbra - pl. umbras or penumbrae)
Origin - Latin for shadow.
Spiritually: The darkest night of the Soul.
Astronomy: The conical shadow projected from a planet or satellite, on the side opposite to the sun, within which a spectator could see no portion of the sun's disk.
Astrology: The central dark portion, or nucleus, of a sun spot.
Physically: A region of complete shadow resulting from a total obstruction of light.)

Section 1 – The Visions
Section 2 – The Commentary

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

PART I

Behold Tetragrammaton and let the Almighty loricate the mundane,
Who saith the Tau is but a beginning:
Love is the Law, Love under Will:
So remember ye who seeketh the divine, as above so below.
Only then shall Hecate in the land of Nu, release the foolish aspirant to
Control-condemn his own mortal existence:
To knowest the Almighty, that which is ultimate life and ultimate death,
Thou must embrace the divine within.
Know this oh unsuspecting aspirant,
Careful what thou wishes for,
It mayst come true.
As the five stretches to the six,
Onward to the three, to become as the one,
One must know and practice the thirty.
Of this I exhort you, you whose wish is to be an initiate:
Knowest this way, for as you grow,
so does the tests,
In this way ye mayst see the extirpator in darkness, as ye is in light.
But if thou fails to achieve the light,
Knowest death is just a birth.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

The Visions

I

New Moon, black as black,
Bring us the Mayan key,
Of which we lack.
A Sacrifice to the Gods,
Not the old way in red,
Horus now arisen, Osiris dead.
A true Magician knows
The quintessence shows,
The truest sacrifice
Avails not as a vice.

II

From the ebony air,
A hand, white skin, so fair.
Four fingers alone, long nails, silver to the bone.
Adorned in black, from elbow bare.
Offering an aspirant, a tool to use;
In an unknown quadrant.
Solid gold, containing the Sun within,
Infinite flame from the fuse,
Always shoots to win.
The purer the heart, the truer the Sun:
Demon King of Chaotic Death,
Banshees screaming that he won.
Ignorance of duality saves this Demonic Lord.
But truth in duality wins In responding waves.
The Sun always returns.
Decimation of mutatious, Reptilian, demonic slave,

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

As Demon meets Fates.
Screaming Banshees, now songs of joy,
As Nuit and Hadit conjoined.

III

The day of Venus in
Her hour of Moon,
Sending a signal that We'll meet soon.
She with me, soaring
Through the astral, Free.
Illumination shows
To me he knows;
As above so below.
Is the path
For which I grow.
As the numbers did speak
Gaia grounds those who seek.

IV

In the noon day sun
Two crows circle as one.
In vulture way
Following two who
Walk the day.
Teacher of one,
Student of one,
Which is one, as both,
Are None.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

V

Visions now start,
Sanctum without heart.
Emptiness abounds.
Back to Nu
In leaps and bounds.
Page 3VI
Spirit Totem, my son I call,
To show the signs
You leap the wall.
Exposing yourself in a most
Barbaric way.
Shocked, I must know,
To hear what you say.
Death and Birth,
Like Night and Day.

*

Mercy and Annihilation;
Understanding and Ignorance;
Love and Hatred;
Forgiveness and Condemning;
Ecstasy and Pain;
Two make one,
One is none.
As in All and None.
Balance.
~

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

PART II

In Mercury of Mars,
Beseeched by messages
From wondrous Stars.
Distorted senses, subtlety spoken,
From Nuit’s pretenses,
The barriers are broken.
As Ra does set,
Your presence does not let.
The Carriage Man in black,
Driving beastly Stallions
Through the effulgent crack.
Omnipresent, Omnipotent,
Hoor-Parr-Kraats conjoins
Ra-Hoor-Khuit,
As Heru-Ra-Ha manifests
As your Nuit.
Astral lights suspended,
Enthroned on formless,
Eternal, for the Enlightened.
Signals doth flying,
Showeth lest initiated
As you meld into bed.
XXX is said, the speaker,
The seeker, the Not.
Meditation to the wise,
Ye who seeketh,
Knowest the disguise.

~

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

I

Knight adorned in pure black armour
Woman in white, girdled golden,
Knowest thee entice, enamour.
To sacred groves
Thee dost doth travel,
And danced amongst the cloves.
King to thee, Queen to thee
Through windows to souls
The embrace turns ashes
Into infernal, eternal,
Glowing, passionate coals.

II

As Samekh does focus,
The initiated has retired
In the presence of the lotus.
Soaring through the azure vault
Above as clouds, as wind, as sun,
All your action can have no fault.
Into space thee didst flowed,
Enveloped, blackened, totality.
Not to tell, as tell to Not.
Whirling, Swirling, the Inane Greyness of Not.
Excalibur at its heart.
Knowest the foolish plunging blind,
Shalt with all known passion,
Be shredded totally apart.
In knowing the purest Divine
You can see the way.
In adoring the false faced image,

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

Only blackness can be your day.
In your grip, Excalibur is;
Golden, Ivory, Pure, shows yet another Star.

III

As the deceived Warrior sees,
All tests, to death, with thee.
The deceived Warrior is told,
Always push, fight, be bold.
Beware you who maketh this path,
The true Warrior limits his wrath.
Knowest the mundane are moved
By what is Divined Hoofed,
To make you strike
To lose, to transgress.
Thou must knowest the Divine,
Worship the Divine,
In solitude and plenitude.
Knowing thou will be deceived.
Knowing all are tests.
Knowing the Khabs, Khu,
Meditating the rest.
Only the true Spirit Warrior,
Rises from Nuit to Hadit,
Thus conjoined is merrier.
Thus knowing Love is the Law,
Love under Will,
Thus knowing the Divine calls.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

IV

As you are prone,
In a vulnerable state,
From duality, the Demonic Lord,
Manifests as your Fate.
Explosive, blinding rays,
Of indigo from the flower.
Your astral does falter.
The battle is ended,
Neither won or lost,
But energy is expended.

V

As the Sage did say to thee,
A fine line is between
Genius and Insanity.
As is seen,
Divine and Insanity in thee.
So remember as you seek,
Test like a bear, could just be a bee.
Not forgetting the beggar,
Could also be a Star.
As you will grow and learn,
Gaia stretches her love,
To each and every level in turn.
Balance, grounding,
So above as below.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

VI

In an offering to duality,
Forms the triad of None.
Brings us to Kether,
To bask in its reality.
As Palamedes did quest
To end his day in Divine rest.
So remember mighty aspirant,
With duality in the Divine,
What be you;
That you can't?
*
*

FINIS

As energy constantly does change,
Perceptions move through the range.
To a place you go, rest you seek,
Is infested with vermin with mange.
Sensations do fluctuate, images rapidly change,
Veil of insanity, now unguarded, open gate.
High Lord in hooded dark attire,
Offers the aspirant all desire.
But wisdom has shown
What thee does need to acquire.
Through time you have grown,
On the path you have sworn.
So do not mock another way,
Love and Light from this quill,
Love is the Law, Love under Will.
~
Augmn Ha

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

Commentary to
Seeing through the Illuminated Umbra

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law"
Liber CCXX

This treaty is a philosophical insight by a Thelemite on the Union with one's Holy Guardian Angel received during a six month series of meditations.

These meditations where based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead and during the meditations I received visions from My Holy Guardian Angel, Spirit Guides, fellow travellers, seekers and beings from other realms.

Part I:

Upon reaching the state of awareness referred as the 'Knowledge and Conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel' you begin to understand that your physical body is just a covering that you chose to clothe your Spirit in, much like a leather suit.

You also see that the Earth is just a starting point, the same as death is a starting point for your new birth.

We are the same as all that is in Heaven (space, Universe, etc).

From the cosmic dust that land on Earth and ends up in our cellular structure, whether through millions of years of evolution or through the nourishment that we

consume in some form, proves how we are all connected and one with everything else.

We are the cosmic seed made manifest.

As there are energy vortexes in space, there also are on Earth and in the physical body. Such as Black holes, the Sun, Chakras, Stonehenge and the Pyramids to name a few. Also there are lines/channels of energy in space, on Earth and in the physical body. Such as solar winds, worm holes, light rays, Meridian Lines, Dragon Lines, jet streams and meridian lines in the physical body connecting all parts of the body.

These are just a few examples corroborating the old philosophical adage ‘as above, so below’.

In breaking the bonds of being less then a God or Goddess, you have to take full responsibility for your immortal existence and then you can achieve equality with the Divine source.

The Soul never dies. The Spirit never dies, though it does transform. Only the physical shell dies. That which is on Earth must stretch to that which is in Heaven and space to learn the basic principles of Divinity, Universal law of Non Being – Becoming – Being.

To understand this, that we and everything are one, needs to be done with balance. Whether you are causing the change in the stability, or being the stability during the change, you need to practice balance.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

Just like in any school or training, the more you learn (and exalt the Ego) the harder the test will be. Otherwise it wouldn't be a test but a practice. This will continue to occur until the destruction of the ego transpires and you are no longer a corporeal being.

So remember; all births demand a death; all deaths facilitate a birth. So fear nothing, enjoy all that life has to offer, grow to your heart's content, hopefully in accordance with your true Will and in a balanced way and you shall achieve those lofty pinnacles of Spiritual Awareness.

I

Ancient civilizations understood the importance of living in harmony with the earth and all that lives on and in her. They also knew that the stars and space played a very important role in their existence. So to today, as our understanding of ourselves expanded, our views of Spiritual Ascension changed.

Once there was a time when it was understood that the Earth was part of the Universal Sea, that everything was created by the Great Mother only, that the human Spirit couldn't be in the presence of Divinity, that when the body died nothing remained, that the equality between humans and plants and animals etc was known and accepted.

Then there was a time when the Earth was the centre of the Universe, when man was better then everything else. Mother and Father created the child, but

godliness was reserved for the privileged few that God alone chose. The rest had to follow like sheep and only in physical death could you maybe live in the heavenly realm.

Now there is a time when it is known that the Earth is only a speck, relatively unexceptional, in a Universe which is only a part of a multi-verse. Egg and sperm create the child, life-force is of the Spirit, and spirit is of the Soul which is our source to the Divine. Spiritual Ascension is through the transmutation of the Self, not through putrefaction of the body. The transmutation occurs with the projection of the sexual energies, not through the spilling of blood.

"There is no God but Man.
Every man and every woman is a Star.
There is no difference."
Liber CCXX

Spiritual enlightenment can be achieved by beggar or by the privileged.

II

Endless amounts of permutations of consciousness are in the Universe and there are those that help, and there are those that hinder. For the Spiritual Warrior the greatest teacher is within, and the greatest enemy is also within.

It is the strength of your Spirit (the Sun within) not the strength of your body that determines the outcome in

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

Spiritual battles, The first lesson to learn is that one equals two, and these two are three, so that these three also equal one.

III

When you climb the rungs of the Spiritual ladder, by raising your energy vibration to the Knowledge and Conversation of you Holy Guardian Angel, a man might envision a woman, a woman might envision a man or you might envision the same gender.

It is no matter to anyone but yourself, though there will be a few aspects of the encounter that are the same for all.

But since we are all made up of masculine and feminine energies the Holy Guardian Angel is likewise, projective to that which is receptive and receptive to that which is projective.

Also remember that if you do not have a solid foundation, you will ultimately collapse. So understanding of the dualistic nature of all is an important place to start.

IV

Something new can be learned every day, from many different sources. A true teacher knows he is still a student and a true student knows there is always something to learn and share. So look to the lessons which can be found all around you, just waiting to be seen.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

Through these lessons you can gain the insights to see how all of this equates back to Divine duality and then to nothing.

V

That which is receptive is always empty if there is no projective energy with which to fill it. If you go through life not projecting your creative force in some way, you will always feel empty (your life will have no heart). If you do project your Self, your Universe can be filled with an eternity of delights.

VI

It is said that nothing hurts worse than the truth. When truth is exposed, destroying the veils covering it, you may perceive a truth that is a very evil or barbaric thing indeed. Or it can be an extremely wonderful thing. To the Spiritual Warrior the level of this truth will be perceived as a very necessary step to achieve.

*

The Spiritual Warrior is one who accepts the fact that duality is a necessity of existence. To have light you need darkness. To have life you need death. To have right you need left. But also for these to be perceived and exist, you need the third which is that which goes from one to the other.

This is the apex of the triangle, the fulcrum of the lever, the centre point of balance on the seesaw, the point of awareness that perceives both ends.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

So remember Spiritual Warrior that you are actually two which creates three and these three are one. As the Oracle did say “Know Thy Self”.

Part II:

As you raise your energy vibration, through external invocations and internal meditations, it must be done a balanced and harmonious manner. Unifying your internal and external aspects as you raise your energy vibration, is the surest way to achieve a balanced Knowledge and Conversation with your Holy Guardian Angel.

Once you do, then the total of all your possibilities will be known, if you but look into yourself.

Though to pass beyond manifested life, you must pass through death.

As with travelling through any maze, you will need to watch for blind ends, pitfalls, traps and snags, to name a few. But once a disguise is seen, then a lesson is learned and forward movement can commence again.

I

As the wedding between you and your Holy Guardian Angel takes place, you as a King/Queen (projectively receptive), and your Holy Guardian Angel as a Queen/King (receptively projective), your energies arise to manifest your inner child.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

To keep the energy going you must be as eternally passionate with your Holy Guardian Angel as the blushing bride and groom in their first uninhibited orgiastic bliss of ecstasy.

To sit back and laud over past triumphs, in any union, is the surest way to fall into dis-ease and putrefaction.

II

Know also that before union with your Holy Guardian Angel an echo will be heard and a reflection will be seen. Those controlled by base desires (while pretending that it is their higher nature) will assume that they have come into knowledge and conversation and will surely fall.

While those who are inspired by their higher nature and take control of the sword of their will, passionately raising it ever higher, will shine as a Star and see past the reflection and hear the subtle sound beyond the echo.

III

Passionate unbiased aggression is a formidable tool, as is passionate contemplation, or unbiased skepticism.

Yet unwarranted aggression, sulking contemplation or blind faith can destroy the best of intentions.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

There are times to lurk, times to withdraw, then times to upon the situation. Unfortunately deception has become an accepted way of life in this civilized time. The Spirit Warriors realizes this and uses it as another tool/test in their rise to Stardom.

For if you have never been deceived, you can never be sure of what is absolutely truthful. Or if you have never been in darkness, you can never be sure if you have truly been in the Light.

Therefore if you believe anything (without questioning it) you will never rise beyond the slave mentality.

So experience what you will with passion and fervour, question to know and be your own judge.

IV

Magick (which is simply a way to manipulate energy), psychic power (which is simply a way to see energy), is directly connected to the exaltation of your Spirit (which is you as energy).

If you try to push one and ignore the others you will unbalance yourself and waste any energy that you have built. This will allow access for anything else to control you.

Though obsessive compulsive behaviour can be useful, if you control it to the highest peaks. Sloth can

only lead to putrefaction.

V

As the Union with your Holy Guardian Angel takes hold and manifests in your life remember there are always tests. Silence can never be misinterpreted though is often misunderstood. While a compulsive orator (whether right or self-righteous) will always show just how ignorant they are.

So never forget that your roots to the Earth are just as important as your crown to the Universe.

VI

Know too, that which is internal and that which is external is necessary to manifest that which is becoming. As a sun is the manifested offspring of the cosmic dust that united to create it, so it is with mankind. We are the end product of all our ancestors. If you ignore or deny an aspect of your Self, or praise or exalt an aspect of your Self unjustly over others, then dis-ease will take hold. If you accept and unite all aspects of your Self then your possibilities will be endless.

*

As you grow and your perceptions change you will experience many new and wonderful and at times terrifying things. Though as you have learned, if you are balanced between one and the other, then no change can disrupt your stability.

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

You are uniquely you and not another.
As the bard did say “This above all, to thine own Self be true”.

To some your path may seem strange, while you might think another’s is wrong. Know that your God is uniquely your own, just as another’s is uniquely theirs.

A Spiritual quest, penned by
Frater I.T. $5^{o} = 6^{\square}$
☉ in ♈ - 90A.H.

“Love is the Law, Love under Will.”
Liber CCXX

Seeing Through the Illuminated Umbra

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A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

Infinitus Astrum Praemium

vel

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

Sub figura XI

M.J. Wilkes

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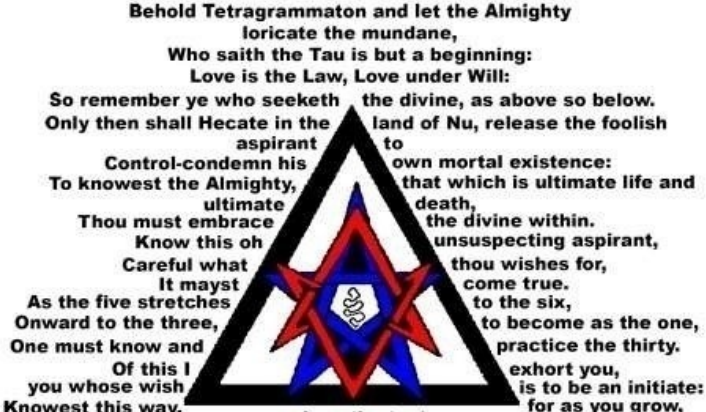
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Knowest death is just a birth.

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

.
..
…
The Wanderer awakes;
The Hermit retrieves his staff;
Thou Lusty Devil;
The wastes;
His pleasures to create.
Astride thy Dragon King,
Wolf and Raven at thy sides;
A Warrior King Passes through
The wasteland gates...

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

1

To Mountain peaks thee didst soar,
for unity with thy Spirit, and communion with NVIT,
thy quest continues to Mount Abiegnus.
As night does wake, the eternal snows looming
above, the invocation is heard;
"To be One with the Universe,
you must also be one with the Earth".
A mountain ceremony, a night so clear, altered
senses; the eternal Stars, the Spirits of Earth;
within, you join these two as one;
the third you become.
A man is seen with earth at his call; The night does
darken, the creatures gather and howl,
under the stars, NVIT invoked.
The mind expands, earthly veils now fall, the ground
dissolves, the Stars abound.
Thou mountains close in; Thou Stars expand.
Thy body dissipates to Earth; Thy consciousness
does thy Angel embrace.
Man and Earth now one.
With a touch of NVIT'S hand,
Earthly shells dissolve with animalistic grace...

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

2

A new dawn through mountain peaks, a Warrior
astride a Dragon King, Wolf and Raven at his side,
soars on to the Sun; Through Ra's caresses. A new
day now shines, eternal plains stretching far and wide.
The invocation now echoes,
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the air".
Within a golden circle upon clouds so white,
Sylphs do come and banshees too;
the Warrior now floats,
with Wolf and Raven at his side.
A glance to the right shows the earth and road;
A glance to the left the infinite Stars explode.
The mind still grows, like the winds on Mount Meru,
the ground dissolves, airy veils fall too.
As the Warrior conquers air, and joins with thy
Angels above; the winds of HEL gather,
to decimate thy Love.
With thunderous insane howlings; the winds whirl
and spin; tornadoes strip the earth; the mind looses
its bindings...
As space descends and air does dissipate;
Thy Warrior with wings of that dark Chaotic Dragon,
soars through aeon long days as thy mind expands
and thy Angel caresses.
Love so pure as veils do fall, insane you seem;
An Angel, an Ibis, and Thee beside a rainbow, free.
A glance to the right;
the earth and a different road appear.
A glance to the left;
the infinite Stars explode...

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

3

A Priest embraced and caressed by
thy Angel Guardian, A Love most Holy.
Astride thy Dragon, Wolf and Raven at thy side; as
day is done, the eternal Seas wake,
flooding over in resounding waves.
Echoing invocations spoken most high;
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the water".
Propelled by forces too subtle to be seen,
through ambiotic fluids so black;
in a circle of eddying waves the Priest
conjures the Concealed.
The mind dissolves as roar is felt, of the insane
laughter of a million million Ones.
And Undines dance, and Starfish too; in the eternal
Sea, Earth long gone, the Priest does float; nestled in
the blackened fertilized womb.
With thy Angelic kisses; like the flutterings of
hot, moist, gossamer butterfly wings,
the mind expands as the water is won.
Archangels acknowledge Thee, reason dissolves,
insane you seem to those too lowly to see the
Eternal Tree.
A glance to the right;
hills and trees, a Priest with Wolf and Raven at his
side, plodding down a road through thunderous,
blinding storms.
A glance to the left;
the infinite Stars explode...

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

4

A flame burst forth through a blackened night;
a Magician soars across the azure heights,
Wolf and Raven at his side, a Dragon within.
As the fire now burns, within the flames do rise;
ancient echoes are heard,
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the fire".
With flaming hair, burning wand, reddened knuckles,
the Magician conjures and chants.
Salamanders now come, and forests burn too;
The Qadash Fire flares, all creating, all destroying,
bursting veils, the mind expands,
insanity a cooling light.
Ignited by thy Angel within,
Thy Serpent fire rises caressed by Thy Love,
my lovely Daemon.
And the Gods do see, the Magician's light is one,
shining through orgiastic Chaos to what is Willed to be.
But what Will?
Now that all physical, emotional, intellect and reason
are burnt up in that one Holy formless Fire; Thy Fire
Qadash...
A glance to the right;
a new land, a new home.
A glance to the left;
The infinite Stars explode...

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

5

A brilliant white Star in the indigo night,
shines upon a Hierophant, alone,
after travelling so far to the light.
From the insane laughter of a million million souls, to
the thunderous whispers of the silent One, an echo
drifts to the ear,
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the Spirit".
The mind expanded, a myriad of veils has gone, but
the Purity still hides,
though glimpses come.
A whisper now comes,
"For Spirit to be one, the Ego must be none".
So the Hierophant teaches those who come;
The Magician battles those who attack;
The Priest consoles those who ask;
The King cares naught;
The man works to pay the Innkeeper's lot;
As Ego is smashed, torn, destroyed...
Thy terrible God laughs,
Thy hideous God sneers; the invocations go on, the
chants are sung; the veils are rendered,
the Ego dissolves.
The mind's expanse, flung far and wide to the
abysmal depths, embraces of NVIT;
the skin dissolves, organs and muscles too, now
bones you are, so all you give; the Gods still laugh
and hide; yet you fly, propelled by the Love of your
Angel most high.
Still you push, through rendered veils
With Love so pure; my god, my Angel, my Daemon;

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

bones turn to dust, a speck appears,soaring into the eternal dusk...
The grip is loosened, the mind dissolves,
the dust is mixed with eternal sands;
the snake does rise, its hood is spread,
"Welcome" it says, "I know where you wish to go. A fair fight you fought, a long way you've come, all you gave, all you've almost destroyed. All you have learned, gone all that matters"; but the Serpent does hiss, "One is left, gone it must go, the Spirit must not be left".
……

A speck reforms; back you come, propelled by a God so terrible, a Love so immeasurable; all you gave, all it seems you lost.
Through suffocating sadness, chanting Angels sing
and screaming Banshees play; a spark in
nothingness shows what matters,
that the No-thing matters.
For Love so pure and crowning rays, the man
continues on, not quite right, yet not quite left.
A glance to the left; the World is known.
A glance to the right; The infinite Stars explode
...
..
.

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

Commentary:

This book is an inadequate attempt to describe a journey I took starting from south/central British Columbia in the summer of 1995 C. E. and ending in a border city in southern Ontario by the Vernal Equinox of 1997 E.V.

Throughout the first eight days of travelling I was in a constant state of Dhyana and intimate Union with my Holy Guardian Angel. During this time I was able to experience the totality of the elements in their purest sense from the grossest to the most sublime.

Two years after starting this journey I read Liber LXV, Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente sub figura ADONAI, written by Aleister Crowley.

It then took me another two years to accept what I read and to fully acknowledge the energies of the Magister Templi.

This then, were my experiences relating to that initiation, while I followed the five footprints of a Camel.

As implied by that book.

Frater TShAM 8° = 3□
High Priest of the
Order of the Lion Serpent Sun
☉ in ♏ - ☽ in ♈ - 106 A.H.

A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

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A Timeless Battle Between Heaven And Hell

A Timeless Battle Between Heaven And Hell

M.J. Wilkes

A Timeless Battle Between Heaven And Hell

Prologue

I sit here today and have a tale to tell of a timeless battle between heaven and hell.

Please stay and relax while I talk, this tale could be long, but after it’s done you'll be happy you stayed, and didn't go for a walk.

There was a time a while ago, when two men were beckoned, though unknown to each other, and stepped on a path for their Spirit to be awakened.

The Fates had decreed that they should meet, to evolve their spirit and lift their feet, and then ended in that timeless battle which exists between heaven and hell.

One came from a life full of tragedy and pain, of loneliness and grief, which could make your tears run rampant as rain.

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The other came from a life of privilege and never wanting, which satiated his self, and who gleefully sneered when others saw him as daunting.

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Chapter One – The Protagonist

Now back to our first man in this tale of a battle between a warrior of heaven and warrior of hell.

His story may seem sad, but in the end his trials and tribulations elevated his Spirit and made him no longer mad.

He struggled and groped, read and practiced, learned and sought more to balance his darkness.

Teachers came and advisers too, and though those not close to him said the darkness would be his only due.

He never enjoyed it when others saw him as dark, as evil or such. But he would admit that in the life now past; at times he would use that darkness, in honourable ways, so he thought as much.

Though when those who knew him wanted to

honour his work, they would call him the Man in Black; so once he learned what it had meant, he would smile appreciatively and give them no flack.

He meditated and the mantras where chanted; the spells where worked and his Spirit with Light he enchanted.

He sought not to destroy his darkness thus far, but to bring it into balance with loving lightness on par.

A warrior before he began this quest, so a warrior he stayed, for which his higher Spirit was worked to be best.

To learn of his Spirit and to bring it to light, he learned that love, pure and unfettered, could balance all as one, and could elevate that which is below with that which is above.

He learned of energy; to sense it, see it, and work with it to give his Spirit wings. He learned of herbs and bees; the flowers and the trees; and of the energy that flows in-through-around all things.

He worked hard to raise his Spirit high, to evolve to a higher state of universal awareness; and from this he learned that as the Spirit raises so also psychism and magick increases.

He learned of other senses, other sights, and other sounds; of other worlds not his own, that existed in the spirals which he visited in leaps and bounds.

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As he visited these realms, allies he made, and his Spirit did grow, but some that he met where best left below.

So he learned that as his Light did increased so also the attraction of bugs and things, which were intent on eating his Light. Thus was seen it was their intent, of trying to use it for their own nefarious delight.

Most of these he swatted away and they gave him no further bother. One or two had the prospect of becoming a battle worthy of note, but one psychic defence meditation was enough to quell the antagonist's goat. But there was one who boasted that he could easily eat his Soul, to which this Man in Black calmly replied “Go ahead, then I will eat you from the inside out, and cast you down into a pit far below.”

He sought not to harm (he had enough of that in times long past), he just wanted to be left alone to evolve his Soul oh so much further.

A Warrior of Heaven he did not claim, just a Warrior for life that was free to expand, this is that part he took in his evolving Spirit's game.

So works of Light he learned and mastered, and works of Dark he gave the same fate to. He did not understand how those around him would decry the Dark as something evil, something that was a disaster. To him, evil was in the intent and use, Dark was just something unknown, and once it was known, it was no longer Dark and able to run loose.

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So in his workings, as high into the Light as his Spirit did soar was balance by how deep into the Darkness his Spirit could bore.

To evolve his Spirit he travelled to places near and far; over snow capped mountains with deep crevasses'; across vast prairies covered with gently swaying grasses; through ancient forests and along city passes; he met and worked with those who were more or less, but it was always to evolve to the Universal Oneness, was what he could confess.

To those who wanted to be his followers, he would only say, to you I am not better, you need not follow, and compatriots we will be and walk together.

At last his travels brought him to a Seeress. Strong she was in Angelic communion and her native Spirits of the land. A calling he felt to work with her, though he knew not why, but to evolve his Spirit, it was already written in the sand.

She asked what he should be called, because his energy was so inviting, she wanted to do him an honour in her writing. So he told her the title he was given in lands long past, a Man in Black is what they said he was.

So work they did, healing, counselling, and helping those who came. But soon he felt she had other ideas to use their fame.

Darkness there was with an evil intent he soon found around her, and though she claimed to know not of

what he meant, she soon earnestly asked him to cleanse it all without repent.

So the oath he took to help those in need, propelled him into action to cleanse her home, her children, herself; and broke all evil bindings that where wrapped around her body and soul, so thus they could no longer feed.

That is how he would say these two Warriors had met.

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Chapter Two – The Antagonist

Not much is known of the Warrior from Hell (this was how he relished to be known).

A life of privilege was his youth, never wanting and always taking. It did not matter if he needed it or not; or whether it was his or not; but only just because he could.

Thus was his art in the making.

Large in stature, due to an un-hungered youth, he could easily master those that were around him. As his ego increased his conquests spread out, he mastered the mundane by learning to control their weakness, and to turn it to his whim.

He always wanted more, never satisfied with what he had. So he delved into the arts that were known as

martial, and the ways that were known as divers. These he mastered and added to his arsenal, but still he was not satisfied. So ways of magick was next his course and as was his norm he ignored all that was Light, unless he could convert it, and joyfully dove into everything that was dark.

Since his intent was selfish, so his works thus came. So these he mastered and used them selfishly, with abandonment and without shame.

Followers he acquired, all shapes, sizes and talents, to them he was great. They obeyed his commands, without question, because he knew how to play on their internal hate.

There was one that was special, a trophy she became, whom he conquered and controlled, with such subtlety and guile so she did not know. She espoused that they were friends with a love of ages past, and as such, she defended him against any foe.

A Seeress she was, strong in Angelic communion and with her native Spirits of the land. Though as strong as she was, it was her misplaced ideas of love, which allowed him to snake his tendrils around her from below to block that which was hers from high above.

For years he enjoyed the life he created, nourished by the poisoned fruits by which his ego could be satiated.

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He feared not men, nor beasts nor beings of any sort, because these he controlled and used to defend his fort.

So strong he was, he could laugh at those who just travelled in Light, and swatted them away without a care or a thought that they would fight.

Thus a Warrior of Hell he became, which he resolutely acknowledged as a badge of honour without shame. The Black Magician has now been born, forsaking all that was Light, to this he had sworn.

Then came a day when something strange did occur, an action so foreign, an instance his ego would not conceive; his Seeress was gone, his tendrils where slashed, his spells where broken; that idea he had buried he was now forced to believe.

This is how he would say these two Warriors did meet.

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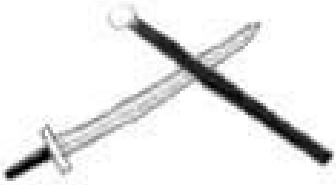
Chapter Three – The Battle



The Universe we know works in a mysterious way, though its ways are not as mysterious as some may say.

The Universe exits in only three manifestations; that which is nothing, or that which is something, or that which is becoming something or nothing (of this last it must be acknowledged, that duality must exist if oneness is accepted). This is the secret of universal manifestation.

It is only when consciousness manifests and desires experience that the Universe begins to manifest in ways mysterious.

So now we come to the intent of this tale, of the battle between a Warrior of Heaven and a Warrior of Hell, so I will do my best to relate this story of two men now known as the Man in Black and the Black Magician, which was told to me and to you I can tell.

The Black Magician seething with evil, his anger and rage did explode, and then he flew to the Seeress' abode. To crush the interloper that was unknown and reclaim what he considered was his own.

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At the Seeress' home he could not enter, so much Light now shined and glistened which blocked his temper. So with velvet guile he called to her, to go for a walk and chat awhile.

To this she agreed, because she still could not admit about his control over her, so walk she did without knowing she had been freed.

His cunning and guile and sweet sounding words which were polished and honed, was not enough to replace the tendrils over that which he had previously owned.

So as they walked along the beach with the waves of the lake lapping at their feet, he beseeched the Seeress to set up a meeting for him with her new found friend. To this she thought and almost agreed, then she remembered a reading before she was freed, "the black haired man and the red haired man should not meet on the physical".

Now that she was freed, she thought her new friend was the ancient lover from times long past, this was prophesied she needed to heed. So to his request she had to decline and did not bend, it was now this new love she had to defend.

His rage barely contained, his blackness was seething, and so he changed his tactic and talked of their history with cunning and charm. To which the Seeress was brought to almost weeping, such was the depth of the Black Magician's devious guile that he could uncaringly inflict such dreadful harm.

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So sickeningly sweet was his smile as he kissed her hand when they departed, and he reminded her they would always be friends and destined to never be parted.

Still so naive she was, the Seeress was flattered, and in error she said the name of him she thought she loved. So casually this was done, that others might not have noticed, but he did, and knew this is what he needed to repair that which was shattered.

Back to his lair, his sanctum most inner, the Black Magician began to plot against that which he considered a sinner. He knew he should not meet his opponent in person on the physical, but with all his art in magick so black, the name of him was all he needed, to send forth his disciples and make him the winner.

The Man in Black did not know of the brewing battle, but if he did, it would not cause him to rattle.

About his work he did continue; teaching, learning, healing, and growing. The only disturbance was telling the Seeress that her prophesied lover was not his due. At this news she did begin to falter, she knew he was wise but their work has now parted, so she tried an old trick she learned from the past, and offered him a gift, it was her daughter.

To the man in Black this was the sign; that their close workings now ended because he would not cross that line.

As he walked back to his home, a strange wind did

arise with dark swirling clouds which gave birth to slithering shadows. He knew this was strange; it was noon after all, on a bright and sunny day. As he entered his home, which was already protected by magick, he could feel an essence slide off him at the threshold.

Since his learning now came to be neutral with all, that first stretch of evil which had followed the Seeress to his humble abode, could due not but touch him, and at his threshold it could only fall.

This was enough for the Man in Black to sense what was brewing; and for the Black Magician to know where to send the contents of his cauldron stewing.

Soon in the area where the Man in Black did reside, came a stranger to his friends who said he was a worker of Light, and was looking for a guide. Tall he was and elegantly in black was his dress, with long blond hair, piercing blue eyes and a stunning smile but it was his pointy ears that caused them some duress.

So to the Man in Black they did go, but not to his home, they never went there, but to a coffee shop that they had come to know. To tell him of this stranger, they thought was a foe. To them he replied that he had already seen him, but a worker of Light was not his whim. The term that should be given to him they had seen wandering around the block, was none other than that which is known as a Warlock!

To these friends of his, and family members too, he

sent them a kiss and cut all cords connected to him. This he had done to protect them from harm, he knew this should happen; it was not just a whimsical charm.

So now to the Universal energy, this Man in Black was a solitary creature with a neutral symmetry.

This practice of his, to be neutral and as one with all his surroundings was so complete that no one saw him.

They would walk into him, and if he was not careful crossing the street, he could be run down and knocked off his feet. He did not blame anyone when these things happened; this was his accepted course of action.

The Man in Black did not strike back at any assassins, or curses, or attacks of any kind. That was not his way, because he pledge long ago to harm no one, it never even crossed his mind. So he deflected what came near him, and with his practice of neutrality in person he was dim, but the Black Magician knew the curses to search and find him.

For months on end the skirmishes ensued, the Black Magician chanted and enchanted, invoked and evoked all he knew, he wanted that sinner to pay, but quietly the Man in Black continued to deflect the feud. He would not strike back, it was not his way. Deflect to defend, no harm would he send.

It was not long before the Seeress stopped her visits, she knew she had lost the Man in Black. But one good thing had come to her; she realized the tendrils of the

Black Magician, which so long had controlled her life, would never get her back, as Seeress or wife.

After what seemed like ages the Man in Black was growing weary, the Black Magician was closing in and making his life most undesirably dreary. Even his allies who desperately wanted to help their Man in Black, where only allowed to watch and were told to sit back.

Though the great Dragon so black, born of Chaos and the love of the Man in Black; would sit atop his abode and to give him peace would spread his wings to deflect any attack.

Now the time had come, after almost a year of battles, the Man in Black tired and weary, to the astral realm he went and called forth the Black Magician from the shadows.

With a roar of thunder and lightning flashes the astral realm shuddered, and the Black Magician appeared as a black Dragon a thousand times larger than the Man in Black, who only appeared as his normal self.

“You insolent speck”, the Black Magician roared, “you had the nerve to summon me here, we will battle and you will be floored”.

In a calm but a tired and unassuming way the Man in Black began to speak and said to the Black Magician that he did not know why their battle ensued, he did not know what harm he had caused to make this happen.

And as he spoke the Black Magician shrunk to his normal form, his rage diminishing but his ego gloating, he was sensing victory over this worm.

"Are you that dim witted to not know what you had done?" the Black Magician cried. To which the Man in Black could scarcely reply yes, as his energy now seemed timid and frail.

"Well what do you intend to do about this?" the Black Magician demanded.

In shallow frail voice the Man in Black replied "I will give up all magick and stop my Spiritual quest. I will be as mundane a person that ever lived and stay that way for the rest of my life. Please just leave me alone, I meant you no harm".

The Black Magician with his ego soaring knew he had finally won. He would not destroy this man, this battle is done. So he agreed to what the Man in Black proposed but he reminded him that if he ever tried to travel this path again then simply he would die, so a wanderer he will be, no more and no less.

In the next instance the Man in Black, now just a seemingly soul-less wanderer was back in his bed.

A week went by and all was calm, peaceful days and quiet nights, the wanderer went to work and did all things in as mundane a way as possible. Those who knew him did not know what to make of this change. For so

long they always looked up to him, now they had to look down to see him, but he was not even in their range.

Of those friends of his, aghast they felt, and deceived too, they left him alone, gone was the man they knew.

Then on the seventh night, when the wanderer was alone and asleep in his bed, an instance occur which was just not in his head.

In a room he was with dark grey walls adorned with sigils, skulls and weapons of every kind. Above him a blackened ceiling adorned with a white circular design with some strange words or such. Beneath his bare feet, was a floor black as coal which also had a circular design with other strange words or such; but also there was, which in the midst he stood, a blood red triangle which glowed and pulsed to his very own heart beat. He tried to look around as his fear did rise, but the shadows played across his vision, blocking certain sights but not his hearing.

He heard the growls of demon dogs around him, and the cackling laughter which came from the shadows.

The sulphurous incense burning his nostrils and throat, making him cough and gag and wishing he was at least outside in a clearing.

Then a sound of a triumphant grunt came from his right, and as the wanderer turned and saw the Black Magician, in his robes of working, legs and arms crossed

on a pillowed raised dais, chuckling he was and smirking too.

As the wanderer turned and faced his antagonist, for now again the Black Magician was because the truce that was made he had just broken. The wanderer could sense another Black Magician behind him and to his right and another behind him and to his left. All the while the demon dogs circled him and constantly growled and snarled which made him frozen to the floor, unable to move any part of his body, except his mouth. It seems all he was allowed to do was speak.

"Who are you?" the wanderer asked in desperation.

"What do you want?" He asked in the same fashion.

All the while the Black Magician just evilly chuckled and sneered. He knew that this victory in the battle between Heaven and Hell was going to be his and his alone. He was going to enjoy squishing this no nothing worm.

Then a thing most strange began to happen which wasn’t so nice, the wanderer calmly looked the Black Magician square in the eyes and with a slight grin then said "What do you want, Samuel Rice?"

In a brief instance the Black Magician's hold was slackened, for the wanderer knew his real name and his own face began to blacken.

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And in that instance when the wanderer felt the hold released, which was enough time for him to flick the baby finger of his right hand into the third eye on the forehead of Samuel Rice as his voice increased while roaring those definitive words of power, thus invoking his personal defiant spell of protection “Kufu Coy!”

In a flash the wanderer was back in his bed and then he calmly rose, dressed, and walked to the coffee shop where he knew his friends would be. When they saw him they smiled and he stated to them and to the Universe at large, that he was back as the Man in Black.

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Epilogue

In the next couple of months that followed, the Seeress came by to visit the Man in Black, though she still could not make herself go into his house she could at least be on his property.

In the course of these last couple of visits the Man in Black met the Seeress' new husband, for she had found the ageless lover that was prophesied. To her it was okay that he was mundane, he obeyed her every command cheerfully, no need for more pain.

Of her friend and lover of decades past, she did say that on the following morning of that eventful night Samuel Rice's wife found him in the shed he used to meditate in.

He had suffered a serious stroke and quickly was hospitalized, his trained guard dogs were dead and his two closest friends from his mystical caste, who were always

with him (and lived in their basement this year that went fast), had disappeared and were never seen or heard from again. This made her sad because she missed the tall blond one with the striking blue eyes, his enthusiastic energy and their picnics in the rain.

On her last visit the Seeress did remark how strange it was not to have Samuel around; the past six months he was in the hospital, being stroke bound; unable to walk or feed himself and could only talk in garbles, with only his wife to visit as none of the others could be found.

Now she would easily say his name, there was no harm in that but she didn't go to his funeral, she heard that it was only his wife and a Priest that came. That was okay, she had her husband and her new book would bring her fame. As she walked out of the coffee shop, with her husband gleefully in tow, she turned and said "I think I'll go and buy a new top", and the Man in Black just nodded and watched her go.

Of the Man in Black, he said he would continue his travels, to evolve his Spirit, and becoming one with the All, would keep his feet moving as he followed that track.

So with staff in hand and his pack on his back, a flick of his wrist to place his hood on his head, the Man in Black faded into the mist.

I had a chance to ask a question or two, of the Man in Black before he left, but only one came to mind, I had to know what he knew.

So my question was “Why did you seem so weak and demure, and give up to that Master from Hell?”, he then just looked at me sideways and with a slight grin on his face he calmly said “Sometimes you need help to get in, before you can get out”

Such is the tale that I have to tell, of a battle between a Warrior of Heaven and a Warrior of Hell.

A Timeless Battle Between Heaven And Hell

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